

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play
Is Published Every Thursday by
S. HENRY SMITH, Proprietor.
OFFICE ON MERCHANT STREET,
(South Side)
Five Doors West of Public Square.
Terms of Subscription.
Invariably in advance.
One copy, one year.....\$1.50
Club of ten, to same Post office.....12.50
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*Club rates do not apply to the city
of Ste. Genevieve.

FAIR PLAY.

Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

VOL. 1.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1872.

NO. 16.

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.
Rates of Advertising:
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Each subsequent insertion.....50
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One column, one year.....20.00
One half column, one year.....10.00
One quarter column, one year.....5.00
Displayed advertisements charged by
the inch.
*All transient advertising must be
paid for in advance.
*Yearly advertisements payable quar-
terly in advance.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Twentieth Judicial Circuit.

Circuit Judge—Wm. Carier.
Circuit Attorney—B. B. Cahoon.
Counties comprising the Circuit, and
times of holding Court therein:
Bollinger—2d Mondays in March and
September.
Madison—4th Mondays in March and
September.
Perry—3d Mondays in April and Octo-
ber.
Ste. Genevieve—1st Mondays in May and
November.
St. Francois—3d Mondays in May and
November.

Ste. Genevieve County Officials.

Representative—A. F. Beltrami.
Circuit Clerk—Joe Bauman.
County " "—John L. Bogy.
Sheriff—Robt. G. Madison.
County Court Justices—A. S. Jen-
nings, Miles A. Gilbert, and Herman L. Lile.
County Attorney—J. B. Robbins.
Treasurer—L. Bert Valle.
Assessor—Joseph Vancickles.
County Surveyor—B. C. Amoreau.
Public Administrator—S. A. Guignon.
Ste. Genevieve County Court meets on
the third Mondays in January, April and
July, and first Monday in October.
Justice of the Peace Court, second Satur-
day in each month.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FIRMIN A. ROZIER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING.

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

CHAS. C. ROZIER.

Attorney at Law,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Conveyancer and Notary Public.

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

Will promptly and faithfully attend to all
business entrusted to him, and will be as-
sisted by Messrs. Robinson & Clardy in all
Circuit and Supreme Court cases.
*Collections made a specialty.

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Attorney at Law,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

J. B. ROBBINS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office opposite Janis & Cox,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

J. B. ROBBINS, MARY L. CLARKE,
Perryville, Mo. Farmington, Mo.

ROBINSON & CLARDY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE

In all the Courts of the 20th Judicial
Circuit and in the Supreme Court.

PAUL L. LEMPRE,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &

Real Estate Agent.

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DR. C. S. HERTICH,

Physician and Surgeon,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

1-y

Chas. F. Carsow, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND

ACCOCHEUR.

Market Street, Opposite Court House.

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

1-y

R. F. LANNING, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN SURGEON

—AND—

ACCOCHEUR.

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12y

DR. J. W. BRAHAM,

Resident Dentist,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

Office and residence on Main Street,
opposite F. C. Rozier & Son's Store.
Refers, by permission, to Dr. Her-
tich.

H. KNIERIEM,

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Also

Cupping, Bleeding and Leeching, and
Magnetic Battery for the cure
of Rheumatism.

Fine Cigars and Tobacco for sale.

3-52

A. F. BELTRAMI,

Commission & Forwarding Merchant,

Ste. Genevieve Landing, Mo.

Selected Miscellany.

The Two Knights.

BY H. S. WEBSTER.

Two stalwart knights, in armor bright,
Rode forth on errand new.
One wears a crest of snowy white,
And one of sable hue.

For this their king had sent them forth:
"Who bringeth back to me
The noblest test of knightly worth,
Shall rich and honored be."

The sable knight into the west
Urged his fiery steed,
While to the east the snowy crest
Is seen to move with speed.

And hard they ride, and far and wide,
Like warriors brave and true,
Each longing, with a true knight's pride,
To see his forman's hue.

And now, on the appointed day,
They stand before the king,
Each at his monarch's feet to lay
His chosen offering.

First he who rode into the west,
Steps forth with lordly mien,
"O king, accept this golden crest,
This armor rich and keen."

"I stripped it from a valiant knight,
Thy sworn and deadly foe;
And long and bloody was the fight,
Before I laid him low."

"At length he bowed his regal crest,
Ne'er bowed before, I trow;
Who bringeth thee a nobler test
Of knightly worth than this?"

Then spake the snowy-crested knight:
"O king, my words are few;
I bring no armor gleaming bright,
No plume of golden hue."

"I found my enemy sick and sore,
Far in a desert land;
I bathed his wounds, and him I bore
Back to his native strand."

"And he hath sworn by golden sun,
To honor thee, O king,
This is the victory I have won,
And this the prize I bring."

A shout of joy the welkin rang,
As to the white-plumed knight,
The king, with gracious smile, extends
A crown with jewels bright.

To one how rich, to one how vain,
The fruitage of the strife;
This can but boast a brother slain,
The other's saved a life.

We all are knights of Heaven's great King,
To battle we may;
And 'tis our noblest offering
To save, and not to slay.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS RE- WARD.

"Ten thousand dollars Reward for
information that will lead to the ar-
rest of John Nicholson, who mur-
dered Anna Crosbie by throwing her
from a ferryboat on the evening of
April 5, and escaped in the crowd at
the landing. He is six feet in height,
large frame, has blue eyes and dark-
brown curling hair, fresh complex-
ion, and a deep scar on the left
cheek."

In a small, close room, where fur-
niture and every surrounding showed
traces of squalid poverty, a woman
poorly dressed, and bearing the
marks of recent severe illness, was
reading the above advertisement. She
read it over and over, as if there
was some fascination in the lines. In
spite of her pale cheeks, hollow eyes
and mean dress, she was a handsome
woman, of a coarse type of beauty,
with regular features, a great profu-
sion of rich auburn hair, and large
eyes of the redish brown that often
accompanies it. Very thin and very
pale, she was gracefully formed, and
carried her forty years as if they
numbered many years less. She
was still poring over the paper, when
a light touch on her shoulder roused
her, and looking up, she smiled lov-
ingly upon a young sailor who had
just entered the room, a handsome,
bright lad of twenty-one or two,
wonderfully like her in the face.

"What are you studying?" he
asked.

"The reward offered for the appre-
hension of your mother's murderer,"
the woman answered slowly.

"The scoundrel!" was the answer.

"Charlie Crosbie," said the woman,
"you and I must hang that scoundrel
and get this money."

"But—"

"Listen to me. Your mother was
my twin-sister! Shall I tell you the
story? You went to sea when you
were ten years old, ran away from
home. Why?"

"You know why. You know I
was kicked, beaten and starved by
my father, in spite of my mother's
tears and prayers."

"I know. Drink made a demon of
Paul Crosbie, but who made him
drink? who turned him from an hon-
est, sober, hardworking man into a
drunken, gambling loafer? from a
loving husband and father to a tyrant
who abused his wife and children,

till three little ones died of cold and
starvation, and the oldest boy, the
mother's pride and idol, ran away
and was gone ten years, and she
thanked heaven for his release?"

"Who was it?" asked the young
man, grinding his teeth together.

"John Nicholson!"

"You have more to tell me."

"I have. Years ago, when your
mother was a young country girl, a
belle in her village, she was courted
by John Nicholson and Paul Crosbie,
one a manly, honorable young farmer,
the other, even then, a ne'er-do-well,
who lived, nobody knew how, hang-
ing about the tavern, and seldom
earning an honest penny. Anna
married Paul Crosbie, loving him
well; and John Nicholson swore to
be revenged upon them both. He
pretended to be your father's friend,
coaxing him to sell his farm and come
to the city, leading him from idleness
to drunkenness, to gambling and
rioting for fourteen long, weary
years. Finally, in a drunken brawl,
in a low drinking house, your father
was killed. Whoever struck the
blow, John Nicholson was his murder-
er. Your mother, released from
the abuse of a drunken husband, tried
to earn a livelihood by her needle.
It was a bitter struggle, and this
man was her evil genius. He want-
ed her to be his wife and tried to
drive her to accept his offer, as a re-
fuge from positive starvation. In or-
der to accomplish his purpose he
slandered her in the stores where she
was employed, and to the landlords
of the rooms she rented. He was an
accomplished villain, always well
dressed, with an insinuating manner
and a handsome face; could drink
deeply without getting drunk; gam-
bled with sufficient success to keep
his pockets well filled, and was more
easily believed than the forlorn wo-
man who contradicted his vile stories.
Once your mother hid from him for
five years, but he found her out, and
renewed his persecutions. She
would have quitted the City, but she
knew her son would seek her there
if he returned, and any fate was bet-
ter than to risk losing a sight of Char-
lie when he came home."

"Dear mother!" said the young
man, much affected.

"At last Charlie came. Strong
then, your mother openly defied John
Nicholson, threatening him with
Charlie's vengeance if he annoyed her
further. She was returning to New
York from Brooklyn, where she was
taking home some work, when on the
ferryboat, she encountered John
Nicholson. He told her then that if
she would not promise to be his wife
she should never return home alive,
and when she still refused, he seized
her by the throat, choked her, and
threw her overboard. It was after
dark, and there were not many pas-
sengers upon the boat. You know
the rest."

"I was on the river, rowing for ex-
ercise," said Charlie, hoarsely,
"when I heard a splash in the water.
Going quickly to the spot, I found
a woman struggling. I pulled her
into my boat, brought her ashore, and
to my horror, found it was my own
dear mother. For weeks she lay ill,
then—"

"Died!" interrupted the woman.
"Do you and I, Charles Crosbie, de-
voted our lives to the discovery and
punishment of the man who murdered
your father and your mother?"

"We do!" was the solemn reply,
"From this hour John Nicholson has
upon his track one who will never
rest until he is found and arrested.
I will leave my seafaring life, and
you, Aunt Jane, will keep house for
me. When the little money I have
is gone, I can find some employment
that will enable me to give time to
the pursuit of this villain. If he has
left New York, I will search other
cities."

"I think he will not leave New
York. He is an adept at disguise,
and prides himself upon skill in thus
escaping detection in several dishon-
erable transactions in which he has
been engaged. Your mother was fa-
miliar with more than one of his dis-

guises, and it may have been partly
this fact which prompted her murder
when he failed to secure her silence
by making her his wife."

"If he is above ground, I will find
him! You can identify him?"

"In any dress"

CHAPTER II.

"Ten thousand dollars reward for
information that will lead to the ar-
rest of John Nicholson, who murder-
ed Anna Crosbie by throwing her
from a ferryboat on the evening of
April 5, and escaped in the crowd at
the landing. He is six feet in height,
large frame, has blue eyes, dark
brown curling hair, fresh complexion,
and a deep scar on the left cheek."

The advertisement was read by a
man lying upon a lounge in a luxuri-
ously furnished room, and as he read,
he smiled a bitter smile.

"Ten thousand dollars! That is a
tidy sum of money to pay for the
pleasure of fitting a rope collar
around a man's throat. I wonder if
anybody will get that reward! Here
are the remarks of the intelligent
editor, who informs a curious public
that the said John is a low fellow,
who haunts small drinking houses,
lives upon his wits, and has no oc-
cupation, unless drinking or gambling
can be called one; is well known to
the police, and cannot long escape
detection. H'm! yes! Apparently
his chances to escape hanging are
very small."

As the gentleman spoke, he stretch-
ed himself with a lazy yawn, and, ris-
ing from the lounge, sauntered to a
looking-glass hanging above the
mantelpiece. Looking at his reflec-
tion, he said:

"Algernon Vavasour, you are a
goodlooking fellow—black hair, black
mustache and whiskers, clear though
dark complexion aristocratic fea-
tures. You have a large income from
your estates in Cuba, and in just one
month from now you will sail for
Europe, to spend a honeymoon with
the heiress, Nellie Ross, who has
promised to be your wife in October.
I wonder why the enterprising peo-
ple who have ten thousand dollars to
spend to hang John Nicholson wait-
ed so long before offering their re-
ward? But, by Jove! I wish, while
they were about it, they had waited
one month longer."

Again he read the advertisement
carefully, and then folding the paper,
he threw it into an open trunk,
which he closed and locked. Then
he commenced an elaborate toilet,
which occupied time and thought till
dusk. Dinner was the next consid-
eration, and calling a carriage when
that was over, he drove to the door
of his fair fiancée.

Nellie Ross was one of the fair,
fragile women, pure as lilies, who
seem fated to become the heart-bro-
ken wives of villains. Innocent as a
little child, gentle, religious and char-
itable, she was a woman who would
have made the house of a good man
a paradise; but she was cursed in be-
ing rich, and she loved Algernon Va-
vasour. She had met him at Sara-
toga, and, before the season was
over, his winning manner, handsome
face, and apparently devoted love for
herself, had won her entire heart.
An orphan from childhood, complete
mistress of her large wealth, there
was no one to say nay when she prom-
ised to become Algernon Vavasour's
wife. Her aunt and chaperon obedi-
ently commenced the purchase and
preparation of her trousseau, and her
friends offered congratulations, never
doubting the wealth or high birth of
the aristocratic-looking Cuban. They
were duly admired as the handsomest
couple of the season, her delicate, re-
fined blonde beauty having secured
her position of belle of Saratoga, al-
though her retiring modest manners
never allowed her to take precedence
of more aspiring beauties.

When Algernon Vavasour presen-
ted himself to his fiancée, with a bo-
quet of choice exotics for his gift, he
found her dressed for the opera, her
soft white laces and snowy cloak
heightening the effect of her exquisite
loveliness.

"I am glad you are ready," he said,
"for the overture is worth hearing.
I have secured your favorite seat."

"You remember it?"

"Could I forget anything that would
please you? You are like a dream,
Nellie, in that white lace dress and
pearls. You want only wings."

"You are a flatterer," she answered,
smiling and blushing.

"I could not flatter you," he said,
and he spoke from his heart. "You
will be my guardian angel, Nellie.
What good may remain in me, you will
bring into fresh life. Mine has been
no angel's life, but with you I could
not harbor an evil wish or thought."

"You almost terrify me," she said,
gravely. "I would fear my own
heart if I could yield so powerful an
influence."

"Are you warmly cloaked?" he
asked. "Take my arm to the carri-
age."

Under the brilliant lights in front
of the Academy of Music, Algernon
Vavasour stepped lightly from the
carriage, and held out his hand to as-
sist his betrothed to alight.

"One moment! My cloak has
caught—I can disengage it."

One moment! The full glare of the
street lamps struck upon the man's
face as he stood waiting. In the usual
crowd of idlers hanging round the
door of the Academy, a young man,
with a veiled woman hanging upon
his arm, stood quite near Algernon
Vavasour.

"Is that the man?" said the watch-
er to the woman on his arm.

"Yes, I am sure of it," was the re-
ply. "Who is he?"

"He is a wealthy Cuban, who has
rooms at the Hotel, and is to be
married next month to Miss Ross,
the heiress, the lady now stepping
from the carriage. I obtained my in-
formation from one of the hotel wait-
ers, after you told me to watch the
man. His name is Vavasour—Alger-
non Vavasour. Are you sure you are
not mistaken?"

"I am sure."

"It would be terrible to make a
mistake."

"There will be no mistake. Watch
that man, Charlie; find out his wed-
ding-day, or he may escape us then."

"He is to be married on the fif-
teenth and sail for Europe on the
same day; his state-room is engaged
on the City of Paris."

"The fifteenth! Come home now,
Charlie. I must think."

CHAPTER III.

In the wide drawing-room of a su-
perb mansion in New York's aristo-
cratic neighborhood, a gay company
was assembled to witness the nuptials
of Algernon Vavasour and Nellie
Ross. It was a morning wedding,
but the house was closed and lighted,
and the guests were in full evening
dress. Never had a handsomer couple
stood before the aged clergyman;
the bridegroom proud and smiling,
the bride pale but exquisitely fair.
The words were already spoken that
made the happy pair man and wife,
and they had turned from the clergy-
man to face the guests and received
their congratulations. Several had
already pressed the hand of the bride,
when a stir near the door was an-
swered by an imperative voice, "In
the name of the law!" and two po-
lice entered the parlor, and passed
at once to where the bridegroom
stood, pale as death, but calm and
collected.

"Arrest you, John Nicholson!"

But here the bride fainted, and a
scene of indescribable confusion fol-
lowed, during which the newly made
husband was carried away, in spite of
his haughty assurance that they had
arrested the wrong man.

The guests retired, with the excep-
tion of a few intimate friends, who
remained with the bride.

A few hours later Charlie Crosbie
came hastily into the room where his
companion in amateur detective busi-
ness awaited him with feverish im-
patience.

"You were right," he said. "When
his whiskers were shaved, the scar
was revealed on his left cheek, a little
acid cleared his complexion wonder-
fully, and his hair was evidently dyed.
He has been fully identified by some
of his former companions, and the
reward is mine. We will leave New
York now, and never return to it."

"I must see John Nicholson, once."

"Better not."

But the idea was too firmly rooted
to be easily combated, and in the mor-
ning Charlie Crosbie obtained a pass
for a friend of John Nicholson's to
visit him at the Tombs.

The woman entered the cell closely
veiled, but as she threw aside the
drapery from her face, the prisoner
gave a cry of horror, and fell back-
ward in a fit of crying out:

"Anna! Anna!"

"You have killed him mother, said
Charlie Crosbie, lifting the head of
the writhing man. "This is epilepsy.
Hi! Jailor! Jailor! Send for a doc-
tor!"

But doctors could do nothing! The
horrible writhing convulsion only
ended in death, and the would-be mu-
rderer went to his last account at the
feet of the woman whose blood he
believed to be upon his own hands.

Far away in one of our Western cit-
ies, a pale-faced woman lives with
her son, a thriving farmer. They
have a happy home, for Charlie is
married, and grandmother, is the idol
of the children, but no one has ever
come forward to claim the Ten Thou-
sand Dollars Reward.—[Leslie's Illus-
trated.

Incidents and Accidents.

Cool Proceeding—An ice man clom-
ping with a nice girl.

An unknown, well dressed Ger-
man, about sixty years of age was
drowned in the river lately at Mil-
waukee, Wis. Papers indicate the
name of Robertsen.

Thirteen miners were struck
by lightning at Druid Hall Park,
Baltimore, Md., recently, and several
of the ladies badly bruised.

The combined effects of whiskey,
morphine and the sun, recently cau-
sed the death of a steamboat engineer-
named James Henry Fitch, at Evans-
ville, Ind.

Four young men, while bathing at
Rockaway, N. J., a short time ago,
ventured beyond their depth, and
were drowned.

Police Lieutenant, Griffin died in
Philadelphia, recently, from injuries
received in a row with a lot of ne-
groes a day or two previous.

One day last week, Dr. Maynard,
official apothecary of the Brooklyn
navy-yard, by mistake took a dose of
tincture of aconite instead of ginger,
and died in a few hours.

Chas. Ferris of Vorkank, Dutchess
county, New York, died a few days
ago from a fractured skull which was
caused by a blow from a gun in the
hands of his brother.

A German porter of Columbus,
Ohio, under the influence of love,
liquor or some other equally potent
stimulant, committed suicide recently,
by drowning himself in the Scioto
river.

J. D. Turnwall, living in the south-
ern part of Chicago, Ill., who was
bitten a few days since by a pet dog,
was seized with symptoms of hy-
drophobia, and died one day last week
in horrible agony.

A few days since a train employed
in transporting a circus company,
ran over a horse, near Tiffin, Ohio.
The train was thrown from the track,
the circus property greatly damaged,
and five of the circus attaches seri-
ously injured.

Michael Clark and Peter Mealey,
both noted in the city of Brothely
Love, as rough and prize-fighters, be-
came involved in a personal contro-
versy not long ago. Each stabbed
the other, and the city breathes easier
because the indications are that both
will die.

James Fitzsimmons, living at Car-
bon Cliff, Rock Island county, Ill.,
started recently to walk to Colona,
a distance of a couple of miles. His
body was discovered the next day ly-
ing by the railroad track, and the in-
ference is, he was killed by a pass-
ing train.

A special from Butlers, Pa., stated
that a man named Jas. Dowry, sev-
enty years of age, was found dead a
few days ago. An inquest was held,
and a verdict returned of choked to
death by parties unknown. Two
men named Weel and Kerr, were ar-
rested on suspicion.

A man named Henry Stickney,
from Waukegan, Ill., recently jumped
from a cattle train on the Atchison,
Topeka and Santa Fe road, about six
miles from Atchison, ran to a small
pool near the road, threw himself
into it face downward, and was
drowned. The water was not over
six inches deep. The man was in-
sane.

Two highwaymen went into the
office of Brees & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
one day last week, while the men
employed by the firm were being paid
off. One of them seized a roll of bills
containing \$400, and both presenting
revolvers to the workmen present,
escaped to the dock, where they took
a small boat in waiting, and rowed to
New York.

Capt. Terry of the Colorado Steam
Navigation company lately shot dead
at Fort Yuma, a Chinaman hotel-
keeper from whom he had liquors
and refused to pay for it. Terry
fired first and missed the Chinaman,